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STEPHEN KING THE STAND



MARVEL
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2 of 5

No Man's Land

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PERKINS

MARTIN

STEPHEN KING THE STAND

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PREVIOUSLY IN THE STAND

Two months ago, something happened at Project Blue in California. Within weeks, a flu-like virus—"Captain Trips"—swept through the world, killing off 99% of the population. Now, it's up to the survivors to piece together a new life in a world that has moved on.

The survivors have split into two factions: dark and light. There are those who have heeded the call of Randall Flagg, also known as the Dark Man, and followed him to Las Vegas, where he rules with absolute authority and raises an army. Those who have followed the light flock to the summons of Mother Abigail, who has led her people to Boulder, Colorado. A new democracy has been established there, headed by seven members of the Free Zone Committee: Stu Redman and his lover, the pregnant Frances Goldsmith, as well as Glen Bateman, Larry Underwood, Sue Stern, the deaf-mute Nick Andros, and Ralph Brentner.

But while the committee in Boulder has begun to rebuild their society, the Dark Man has been making plans of his own. The committee decides to send three spies west to investigate: the 70-year-old Judge Farris, the scrappy Dayna Jurgens, and the mentally retarded Tom Cullen. But just before the first public Zone meeting, the committee suffers a huge blow: Mother Abigail disappears in the middle of the night, leaving only a note: "I will be with you again soon if it is God's will."

With Mother Abigail gone, life in Boulder goes on. Stu has been elected head of the Free Zone Department of Law and Order, and Harold Lauder begins to see that he could be an asset to Boulder—if not for his overwhelmingly dark pull toward the Dark Man. And as Nadine Cross, whose visions of the Dark Man have only grown stronger, becomes increasingly outcast in Boulder, she and Harold join forces for a cause darker than anyone can imagine.



NORTH BOULDER

Nicky! Am I glad to see you! Laws, yes! Tom Cullen is glad! And Ralph, too! And--and M-O-O-N spells STEW!

That's me, Tom. Nick wants to know if you'd mind being hypnotized again.

It's... important.

Sure, go ahead. You are getting verry sleeepy... right?

Tom, would you like to see an elephant?

That was it, the key phrase.

Cripes, just like...

Just like putting a chicken's head under its wing.

Tom, this is Stu, can you hear me?

Yes, I can hear you...

Different than Tom's usual voice, thought Stu. The voice of...a man forever denied, infinitely sad...

We'd like you to do something, Nick. For the Zone.

It's... dangerous.

Is it to do with... him?

Tom's voice sounded like... a bitter November wind in a stand of denuded oaks.

They all shuddered.

Yes, Tom.

His name is Flagq... Randy Flagq. The Park Man. I see his face in dreams. You want me to...

"I see his face in dreams"? Stu thought. But none of us have ever seen him. It was off-script, but he asked:

What does he look like, Tom?

Tom let out a long, bitter sigh.



"Like anybody on the street, but when he grins, birds fall dead off telephone lines. Grass yellows up where he spits. He's...out of time. Jesus knocked him into a herd of pigs once. His name is Legion. He knows magic. He's the king of nowhere, but...he's afraid of us. He's afraid of...inside."

"Can you...can you say anything else about him, Tom?"

Only that I'm afraid of him too, but...I'll do what you want.



Tom, do you know if Mother Abigail...

If she's still alive?



She's alive, but...she's not right with God yet. She's in the wilderness, and...she will see, but she'll see too late. There will be death. She will die on the wrong side of the river. She--



Stop him--

God in heaven,

STOP HIM--



Tom, are you-- Tom?

The same Tom Nick met in Oklahoma?



Yes, but I am also more than that Tom.

I am God's Tom.





Tom, we...we're sending you to the west. Where the sun goes down. To look and see. And then come back and tell us. Can you do that?



Yes, unless they kill me.



Wincing, Stu pressed on:

If anyone asks why you're there, you say: They drove you out of the Free Zone because you are feeble-minded.

Laws, yes, they drove feeble-minded Tom out of his nice house and put his feet on the road...



When you see the big, round moon, you'll come back east. Back to us, back to your house, Tom.

You'll walk at night and sleep in the day. And you won't let anybody see you if you can help it...



...but someone might see you.

If it's only one person, Tom, kill them.

Kill them.

If it's more than one, run.

Run.



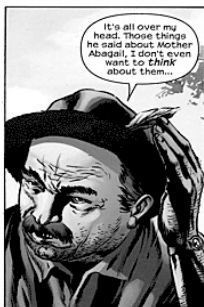
Thank God that's over...

Tom? Would you like to see an elephant?



And just like that, it was over and Tom was back.

I knew it wouldn't work! Laws, no, Tom doesn't get sleepy in the middle of the day.



His name is Legion... He is the king of nowhere...

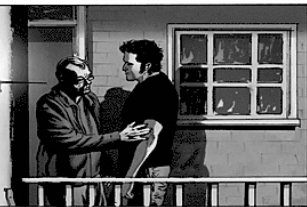
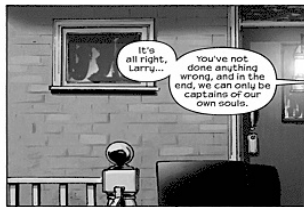
Nick was right; how could they possibly defeat Flagg?



**THE JUDGE'S HOUSE.
OVERLOOKING THE CEMETERY.**

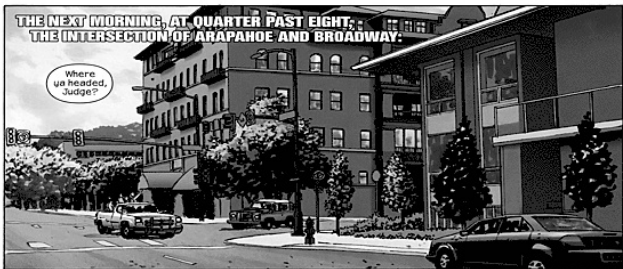






THE NEXT MORNING, AT QUARTER PAST EIGHT;
THE INTERSECTION OF ARAPAHOE AND BROADWAY:

Where
ya headed,
Judge?



Denver
for the day,
Mr. Weizak.



Well, if you
happen across any
of those X-rated
bookstores, why
don't you bring back
a trunkful?



A burst of laughter from
everyone on the Corpse Crew--
except for Harold Lauder.

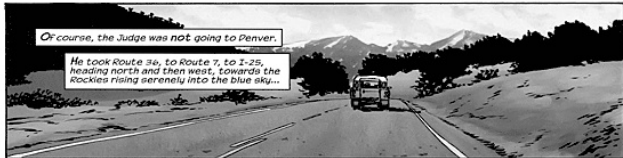
A good
day to you,
gentlemen.

And to
you, too,
Mr. Weizak.



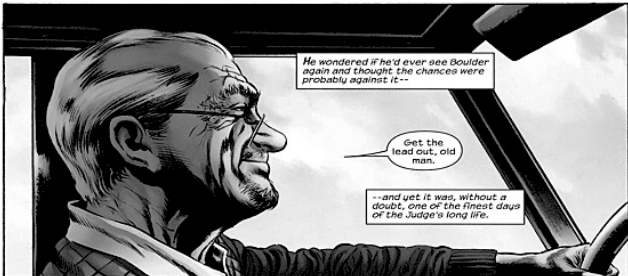
Of course, the Judge was *not* going to Denver.

He took Route 36, to Route 7, to I-25,
heading north and then west, towards the
Rockies rising serenely into the blue sky...





And though he might've been too old for adventure, his heart hadn't beat so quickly in years, the air had not tasted this sweet, and colors had not seemed this bright...



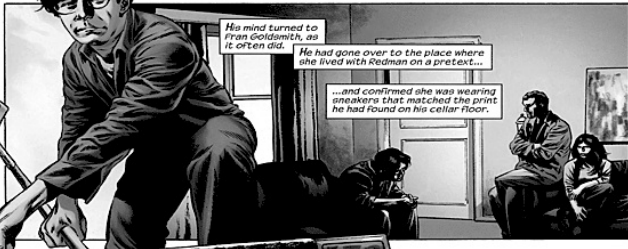
He wondered if he'd ever see Boulder again and thought the chances were probably against it--

Get the lead out, old man.

--and yet it was, without a doubt, one of the finest days of the Judge's long life.



Harold Lauder, on the other hand, was dog-tired. Since connecting with Nadine, he hadn't been sleeping much, nor thinking much (at least not with his brain), but he was getting himself back on track...



His mind turned to Fran Goldsmith, as it often did.

He had gone over to the place where she lived with Redman on a pretext...

...and confirmed she was wearing sneakers that matched the print he had found on his cellar floor.

From there, he could put it together without too much trouble.

She had found out he had read her diary and had gone to his house looking for some...indication of how he felt. Something he had perhaps written down.



His ledger said flat-out he was planning to kill Stuart Redman, so she hadn't found it; he felt positive about that.

So...he had read her diary and she had broken into his house; maybe they were even?



Now that he had Nadine, he didn't really want Frannie anymore, did he?

Did he?



He felt...resentment in his chest. Maybe he didn't want Frannie anymore, but they'd still excluded him.



Though Nadine hadn't said so,
he suspected they'd excluded
her in some way too...

They were a couple of
outsiders, and outsiders
hatch plots. Also...



There was a whole
company of outsiders
on the other side
of the mountains.

And, Harold knew,
when there are
enough outsiders in
one place, a sort of
mystical osmosis
takes place...



...and you're suddenly
inside, where it's warm...



Being on the inside is just
a little thing, thought Harold,
but just about the most
important thing in the world...



Hey, Hawk,
we're taking
a break--

You pulling
for overtime
or what?

Yeah, I could
use some more
change in the
bank...

I'm clocking
myself; I made
an extra sixty
bucks
already.



"You're a card, Hawk,
you know that?"

"I am...a wild card..."

**MEANWHILE,
HAROLD'S HOUSE.
NADINE CROSS.**

Something had happened...

Last night, while she
was...with Harold,
she'd seen something...

A face in the window...

His face, warning her:
The bride defiled
would be the bride
unaccepted.

The husband-to-be
was watching over his
intended.

So long as I don't do that **ONE**
little thing... Everything else,
dressing up for him like a cheap
streetwalking slut, that's
PERFECTLY okay...

It was enough to make Nadine
wonder what sort of man
her fiancé truly was...

After breakfast, Nadine went back to her house to gather the last of her things. She'd been in the living room a good five minutes before she noticed him...

...sitting in the corner.

She wondered how long he'd been there.

Joe...
I mean
Leo...

What are
you doing here?
Why aren't you
with Larry and
Lucy-mom?

You scared
the dickens
out of me.

His eyes, she thought.
His eyes have gone back...

Eyes that filled you
with a creeping terror...

You can't stay
here. I just came
to get a few things,
but I'm moving in
with...a man.

That part of
our lives--is gone.
You've changed, I've
changed, and we *can't*
change back...



*She was terrified--
she couldn't believe
she'd once slept
fearlessly next to
this little savage--*



Stop staring
at me-- You wanted
Larry and Lucy, you
have them--

None of this
is my fault, so
you can just
stop trying to
guilt-trip
me--



I could have
understood going
with Larry and Lucy,
but it was really
that stupid old bag
you gave me up
for, wasn't
it?

And now
she's gone, so
you want me, again.
But it won't play,
do you hear me? It
won't play--



Go to
Larry.

Goodbye,
kiddo.



Nadine fled from her old house, stumbling--

Shaking, she wondered if she'd just had some kind of mad hallucination--



No more real than the phantasms of Poe--

The beating of the old man's heart, sounding like a watch wrapped in cotton, or the raven perched on the bust of Pallas--

Tapping, ever tapping at my chamber door--



She drove recklessly, back toward Harold, slalomming in and out of stalled cars--

By the time she reached Harold's, she had gotten herself under some control, but she knew it had to end for her quickly here in the Zone.

If she wanted to keep her sanity... she must soon be away.



THE NEXT DAY.

On his way to the power station, Stu bumped into Susan Stern and Payna Jurgens on Canyon Boulevard.

I understand you're off on a little trip, Payna.

Stuart thought Payna had never looked prettier.

For sure. And you never saw me.

Nope, never did. You be careful, girl. And get back to us.

Sue looked at them in the bright late-summer morning...

Payna, this is a reconnaissance mission.

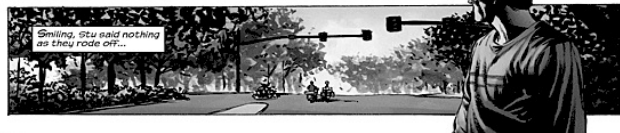
Why are you taking that knife?

If he's a big enough dictator, then maybe he's all that's holding them together. If he's dead, that might be the end of them.

If I get close to him, Susie...

They'll kill you, Payna, before you get away.

Maybe, maybe not. It would be worth it just to have the pleasure of watching his guts fall on the floor.





Two days later, Susan Stern was back in Boulder.

She had gone with Payna as far as Colorado Springs. Then she had watched her friend ride off until she was nothing but a speck merging with the great, still landscape...

Then she had cried a little.

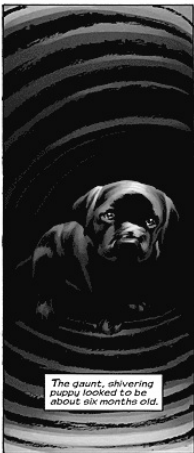


Heading back to Boulder, Susan camped that first night in Monument.

She was awakened in the small hours by a low whining sound...



She followed it to the end of a rusty culvert...



The gaunt, shivering puppy looked to be about six months old.



Back in Boulder, Dick Ellis went into raptures over the puppy.

It was an Irish setter bitch, possibly purebred.



When she got older, Dick was sure Kojak would be pleased to make her acquaintance...



As news of the puppy swept the Free Zone, Susan Stern became something of a heroine for making everyone forget--at least for a moment--Mother Abigail's disappearance...

Instead, they focused on the prospect of a canine Adam and Eve.



(In that moment, as Frannie took his hand in a gesture of almost desperate optimism, Stu hoped no one in the Zone would wonder what Sue had been doing in Monument, so far south of Boulder, anyway...)



Looking back on those days, it was the morning Susan and Payna left Boulder that Stu remembered, watching them ride off towards the Denver-Boulder Turnpike.

Because no one in the Zone ever saw Payna Jurgens again.

**AUGUST 27.
NEAR DUSK.**

Tom! Hey,
Tommy!

It's
time to go,
Tom.

Go? Laws, no. When it
gets dark, Tom goes to
bed. M-O-O-N, that spells
bed. Tom doesn't like to
be out after dark,
because of the boogies.
Tom... Tom...

...
...go west,
do you mean?
It's *that*
time?

Yee,
Tom, if you
can.

Travel at
night, sleep in
the day...

And see the
elephant.

Do I *really*
have to do this,
Nick?

Nick nodded slowly; Ralph made a choked, muttering sound; and Larry said, thickly:

you'll want to be careful, Tom.

Careful. Laws, yes.

Tom loves his house. Laws, yes.

Who am I riding with?

Ralph took Tom down to Route 70.

Nick shuffled off to be by himself as Larry and Stu watched Ralph's motorcycle dwindle to a moving headlight in the purple dusk.

you think we'll ever see him again, Larry?

If we don't, the seven of us--well, maybe not Fran--are going to be eating and sleeping with the decision to send him for the rest of our lives...

"Nick more than anyone else..."

TO BE CONTINUED!

STEPHEN KING
THE STAND



CHARACTER
NOTEBOOK

A SELECTION OF PAGES FROM THIS ISSUE'S SCRIPT BY ROBERTO AGUIRRE-SACASA

PAGE EIGHT.

PANEL ONE.

The Judge and Larry. They've both just finished their fit of laughter. The Judge is looking at Larry, who is smiling, but he's not joking anymore. He's like a guy with his head in a noose, trying to slip the noose, and smiling as he does it.

LARRY: You know, Judge, you can refuse this. No one is holding a gun to your head—

PANEL TWO.

A panel that includes both of our players, but if the last panel focused on Larry, this panel focuses on the Judge, with Larry on the right-hand side of the panel, turned towards the Judge, so that we're looking at the Judge head-on. (The camera is almost looking over Larry's shoulder; if that makes sense, Mike.)

JUDGE: Are you trying to absolve your responsibility to me, Larry?

LARRY: Maybe.

LARRY: I put your name forward, but... maybe I made a mistake. Maybe you are too old.

PANEL THREE.

A panel focusing on the Judge, but not a close-up on his face (that's for the next panel). Looking at him from the waist-up, from Larry's POV. The Judge, methodically working through all the objections for why he shouldn't go to Las Vegas...

JUDGE: I am too old for adventure, but I hope I'm not too old to do what I feel is right.

JUDGE: I'll go. I'll be cold. My bowels won't work. I'll be lonely. I'll miss my begonias. But...

PANEL FOUR.

Staying on the Judge, but now a close-up

on his face. He's turned towards Larry and there's a slight smile playing on his lips. And, as the caption tells us, his eyes are twinkling. With excitement. And a certain slyness.

JUDGE: ...I'll also be clever.

CAPTION: The Judge's eyes gleamed in the dark, even as Larry felt the sting of tears in his own.

PANEL FIVE.

Pulling back so that we see both of our players. And the Judge has stood up, resolved, and is sort of looking down at Larry, trying to absolve him of feeling guilty or sad.

JUDGE: It's all right, Larry...

JUDGE: You've not done anything wrong, and in the end, we can only be captains of our own soul.



PAGE NINE.
PANEL ONE.

We're at an intersection in Boulder. Two cars are crossing each other—hello's are being exchanged—so I leave the staging to you, Mike. But the two cars are: The truck that carries (in its back bed) Harold and the rest of the corpse crew, dressed for work, including that fellow, Weizak, who teased Harold last issue and who is waving/calling to the Judge, who is all packed-up, in a jeep, heading out of Boulder. (NOTE: The corpse crew's truck is heading out to some burial site, which we'll track in the upcoming sequence.)

FLOATING TEXT: THE NEXT MORNING, AT QUARTER PAST EIGHT.

FLOATING TEXT: THE INTERSECTION OF ARAPAHOE AND BROADWAY:

WEIZAK: Where ya headed, Judge?

PANEL TWO.

Focusing on the Judge, sitting behind the wheel of the Land-Rover. Dressed for a long trip, in a thick sweater and a quilted vest. (Sort of absurdly, as Mr. King says.) Looking at him from



the POV of the corpse-crew, BTW.

JUDGE: Denver for the day, Mr. Weizak.

PANEL THREE.

Now reversing the shot so that we're looking at the corpse-crew from the Judge's point-of-view. Featuring, most prominently, Weizak, who is calling to the Judge, a big smile on his face—and Harold, who is sitting and, essentially, glowering, in a foul temper. NOTE: The rest of the corpse-crew is laughing, amused by this exchange. And though Weizak maybe should be standing, hanging on to something for balance, the rest of the crew can be sitting or standing, variously.

WEIZAK: Well, if you happen across any of those X-rated bookstores, why don't you bring back a trunkful?

CAPTION: A burst of laughter from everyone on the Corpse Crew—except for Harold Lauder.

PANEL FOUR.

Back to the Judge, who is now turning his jeep's wheel hard one way—to the left or the right, whichever way makes the most sense, Mike—peeling away from the intersection, waving a quick goodbye to the corpse-crew. Refusing to get distracted from his appointed task. Getting a dig in at Weizak, but probably giving him a wink, too.

JUDGE: A good day to you, gentlemen.

JUDGE: And to you, too, Mr. Weizak.

PANEL FIVE.

Cut to: A shot of the back of the Judge's jeep, framed squarely in this panel, but far away from us. Heading along a straight stretch of foreshortened highway that disappears into the Rocky Mountains, in the distance. It's a beautiful scene, a beautiful day for a loooong drive...

CAPTION: Of course, the Judge was *not* going to Denver.

CAPTION: He took Route 36, to Route 7, to I-25, heading north and then west, towards the Rockies, rising serenely into the blue sky...

PAGE TEN.
PANEL ONE.

Something to shake it up a bit, Mike. Let's do an aerial shot, looking down on the Judge's jeep, as it zips along the highway, which runs across this panel. On either side of the highway, beautiful green grass, dotted with beautiful colored flowers, yellow and purple, let's say...

CAPTION: And though he might've been too old for adventure, his heart hadn't beat so quickly in years, the air had not tasted this sweet, colors had not seemed this bright...

PANEL TWO.

A nice, big panel, looking at the Judge's shoulders and head (the focus) in profile, as he faces the west, staring off into the distance, a subtle grin on his lips, despite the grim circumstances of his journey. He seems slightly younger in this panel; as the caption tells us, more excited.

CAPTION: He wondered if he'd ever see Boulder again and thought the chances were probably against it—

CAPTION: —and yet his excitement was very great.

JUDGE: Get the lead out, old man.

CAPTION: It was, without doubt, one of the finest days of the Judge's long life.

PANEL THREE.

Cutting back to Harold in this panel. An almost inverse shot of the Judge in the previous panel, so that Harold (in close-up) is facing the other way, and not staring off at anything, but completely lost/consumed by his own dark thoughts/worries. (NOTE: He's still on the truck, along with the rest of the crew, though we don't see them at this point, we're just transitioning back to Harold for this next sequence...)

CAPTION: Harold Lauder, on the other hand, was dog-tired. Since connecting with Nadine, he hadn't been *sleeping* much, nor *thinking* much (at least not with his brain),

but he was getting himself back on track...

PANEL FOUR.

A panel that includes two images, Mike. On the left, we have the present-action image, which is Harold, stepping off the truck, since it has reached whatever location where they're going to dig. (The other guys might be in this half of the panel, as well, but the focus is on Harold, for sure.) Then, on the right-hand side of the panel, we are flashing-back to: A domestic scene, in Fran and Stu's living room. Fran is on the couch, having a cup of coffee, making small talk with Harold, who sits opposite her. Fran's legs are folded up under her so that Harold can see the soles of her feet. Harold is staring at them...

CAPTION: His mind turned to Fran Goldsmith, as it often did.

CAPTION: He had gone over to the place where she lived with Redman on a pretext...

CAPTION: ...and confirmed she was wearing sneakers that matched the print he had found on his cellar floor.



PAGE ELEVEN.

PANEL ONE.

A panel that continues the present-action, Mike. Harold, with some digging tools (picks, shovels) slung over his shoulders, walking from the truck to a stretch of cleared-off land. About to dig a big mass grave.

CAPTION: From there, he could put it together without too much trouble.

CAPTION: She had found out he had read her diary and had gone to his house looking for some indication of how he felt. Something he had perhaps written down.

PANEL TWO.

Staying on Harold, as his internal monologue continues. Focused on him, but not necessarily a tight close-up. (More from the waist-up, perhaps?) He is digging the hell out of this hole, swinging the pick or the shovel, working intensely as his mind works out the problem at hand...

CAPTION: His ledger said flat-out he was planning to kill Stuart Redman, so she hadn't

found it; he felt positive about that.

CAPTION: So...he had read her diary and she had broken into his house; maybe they were even?

PANEL THREE.

A few moments later. Now we're looking up at Harold from underneath—from the POV of the hole he's digging, let's say. But he's taking a moment, a break, focusing on Nadine for a second, panting from all his exertion. Maybe he's wiping his forehead with the back of one of his hands, steadying himself by leaning on his pick or shovel with his other hand.

CAPTION: Now that he had Nadine, he didn't really want Frannie anymore, did he?

CAPTION: *Did he?*

PANEL FOUR.

Staying on Harold; moving in a bit tighter on him, from Panel Four. Harold has taken his hand from his forehead and is now resting it on his chest, over his heart. (Poor Harold is so literal. When he wonders what he's feeling in his heart...he feels his heart, literally.)

CAPTION: He felt...*resentment* in his chest. Maybe he didn't want Frannie anymore, but they'd still excluded him.



PAGE TWELVE.

PANEL ONE.

Cut to: Harold, back to working, intently. And now, in this panel, he's dragging a bagged corpse, from left to right, towards the hole he's just dug (on the right). And he's sort of dragging it behind him, walking half-backwards, if that makes sense, Mike.

CAPTION: Though Nadine hadn't said so, he suspected they'd excluded *her* in some way, too...

CAPTION: They were a couple of outsiders, and outsiders hatch plots. Also...

PANEL TWO.

Continuing the beat/action, Mike. And Harold, sort of like the Terminator (that is, working like a machine), is swinging the bagged body through the air and—more or less—tossing it into the freshly dug pit.

CAPTION: There was a *whole* company of outsiders on the other side of the mountains.

CAPTION: And, Harold knew, when there are *enough* outsiders in one place, a sort of mystical osmosis takes place...

PANEL THREE.

Now we're looking down into the pit from Harold's POV. And there are A LOT of bagged bodies in this mass grave, and let me tell you: It is a grim sight. Ironically, there's nothing "inside" or "warm" about this panel, but that's where Harold's head is.

CAPTION: ...and you're suddenly *inside*, where it's *warm*...

PANEL FOUR.

Looking up at Harold from the corpses' POV. From the chest-up. From his expression, we can tell that he is grim, determined, and perhaps the tiniest bit...evil, at core.

CAPTION: *Just a little thing, thought Harold, but just about the most important thing in the world...*

PANEL FIVE.

Pull back for a panel that includes: Weizak and the rest of the corpse-crew on the left-hand side of the panel, calling for Harold, who is standing on the edge of the pit/grave on the right-hand side of the panel. For maybe the first time in this sequence, we see Harold pulled out of his own thoughts by his teammates. He is, in fact, turning towards Weizak and the others, putting on one of his fake smiles, making one of his typical jokes.

WEIZAK: Hey, Hawk, we're taking a break—

WEIZAK: You pulling for overtime or what?

HAROLD: Yeah, I could use some more change in the bank...

HAROLD: I'm clocking myself; I made an extra sixty bucks already.



PAGE THIRTEEN.

PANEL ONE.

Cutting to: Harold's house. His bedroom. We're looking down at Nadine Cross, who is lying on Harold's bed, her head resting on his pillows, her hair spread around her head, as she stares up at the ceiling, lost in thought. Disturbed, but you know Nadine: she hides it well...

CAPTION: "You're a card, Hawk, you know that?"

CAPTION: "I am... A wild card..."

FLOATING TEXT: MEANWHILE,
HAROLD'S HOUSE.

FLOATING TEXT: NADINE CROSS.

CAPTION: Something had happened...

PANEL TWO.

Staying on Nadine's face. Moving in tighter on it as if the camera were slowly pushing in on her. She, too, is processing, processing...



CAPTION: Last night, while she was...with Harold, she'd seen something...

PANEL THREE.

A flashback. Nadine and Harold on the left-hand side of the panel, sitting on the couch in some kind of compromised position. Harold is kissing Nadine's neck, practically burrowing himself in her, so that we can't even see his face. Nadine, meanwhile, is not looking at Harold, but staring at the window, on the right-hand side of the panel, over them. And in that window, we see a stern, dark face, staring back at Nadine. It is a representation of Flagg, of course, giving her a warning... (So, obviously, we can see Nadine's face in this panel, Mike.)

CAPTION: A face in the window...

CAPTION: His face, warning her: *The bride defiled would be the bride unaccepted.*

CAPTION: The husband-to-be watching over his intended.

PANEL FOUR.

Back to the present. Nadine has willed herself to sit up in bed. She has swung her legs over the side of the bed, the truth of her reality settling on her. She's about to stand up, wearing a kind of bitter expression on her face. Like: "What a goddamn hypocrite Flagg is..."

CAPTION: *So long as I don't do that one little thing... Everything else, dressing up for him like a cheap streetwalking slut, that's perfectly okay...*

CAPTION: It was enough to make Nadine wonder what sort of man her fiancé truly was...

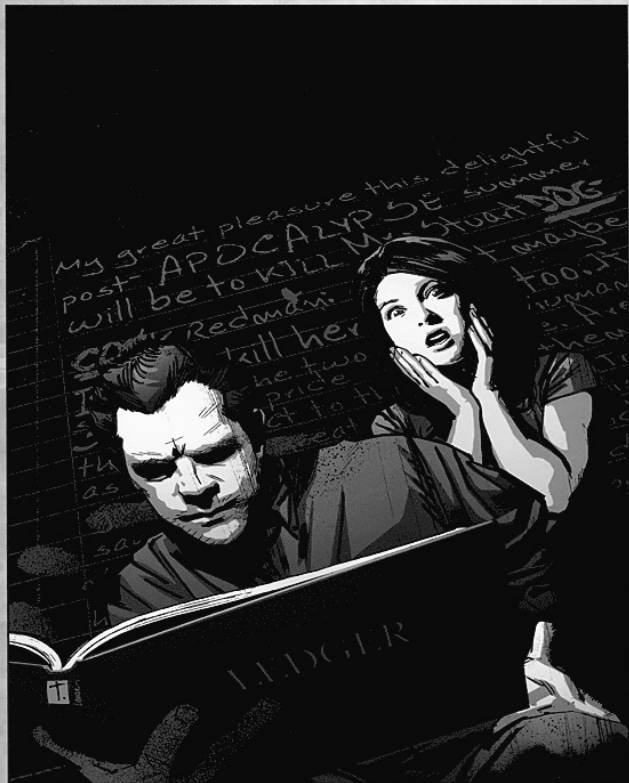
TOMM COKER'S COVER SKETCH FOR STAND: NML 2



TOMM COKER'S COVER INKS FOR STAND: NML 2



Next: "That's the work of a profoundly disturbed mind..."



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